

The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY
THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—*James Freeman Clarke*

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THE EVER PRESENT HELP

I LOOK to Thee in every need,
And never look in vain;
I feel Thy strong and tender love,
And all is well again,
The thought of Thee is mightier far
Than sin and pain and sorrow are.

Discouraged in the work of life,
Disheartened by its load,
Shamed by its failures or its fears,
I sink beside the road;
But let me only think of Thee
And then new heart springs up in me.

Thy calmness bends serene above,
My restlessness to still;
Around me flows Thy quickening life,
To nerve my faltering will.
Thy presence fills my solitude—
Thy providence turns all to good.

Embosomed deep in Thy dear love,
Held in Thy law, I stand,
Thy hand in all things I behold,
And all things in Thy hand.
Thou leadest me by unsought ways,
And turn'st my mourning into praise.
—*Samuel Longfellow.*

FOUR WAYS OF LOVING GOD

"THOU shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind." That is St. Matthew's record of Christ's great commandment. "And with all thy strength," St. Mark says, making it wider still.

Both of these gospel writers tell us that Jesus

said also, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." But they both agree that he said that afterward, putting the other first, calling the other the "great" commandment, and this the "second." The order is significant: Christ sets a peculiar emphasis upon the love of God. He wants us to love our neighbors; but, first of all and chief of all, he wants us to devote our heart, and soul, and mind, and strength to God.

This emphatic priority and preference is made particularly noticeable by the earnestness and persistence with which Jesus always insisted upon the observance of that other commandment which is here set second. It means a great deal, that he was willing to put anything ahead of that.

No spiritual teacher ever laid a deeper emphasis than Jesus did upon man's duty to his fellow men. Christ taught more about conduct than he did about anything else. The great purpose of religion, as he conceived of it, is to make men better. It is true that he appealed to the affections, for he who addresses the affections speaks a universal language. Everybody can understand him. And Christ wanted everybody to understand him. But it is also true that he appealed to the reason and to the will. No man ever breathed who had so lofty an ideal of human behavior, who attached so much importance to everyday morality, who insisted so strongly upon the translation of every spiritual truth into righteous speech and righteous action. He taught his disciples that the real test of a man's creed is the man's character; that there is no allowable divorce between good belief and good behavior; that whoever loves God loves his brother also. In the ethics of Jesus these two go inseparably together; one is root and one is branch; one is cause and the other is consequence. No teachings have ever so uplifted man.

There is no danger that Christ will under-

value character, or cheapen morality, or set neighborly duty on a lower plane than belongs to it. And yet Christ sets conduct second. "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself" is commandment number two. The supreme duty is God-ward: God-ward first and then man-ward. The very first thing that Christ asks about a man is, Does he love the Lord our God? In the old torch-races that the Greeks ran in their games, no man's running counted for anything if the light in his torch went out. Before all else it was required that he keep that flame alive. And love for God, it seems, is the sacred, necessary flame in the race of human life. When we consider the profound emphasis that Jesus put upon brotherly love, we begin, as I said, to see how much it means that he set this even before that. God first. "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength." We will love God a great deal if we love him as much as that!

You see that the great commandment makes room for all these wide diversities. The strongest part of one man is the strength of his arm. He can do nothing so well as to pull and lift and push. Another is a great deal better at thinking than he is at lifting; cares more for books than he does for blocks of wood or steel; handles a pen more skillfully than any other tool; and is best at whatever occupies the energies of the mind. Other people attain their highest possibilities in their affections; cannot manage very heavy weights, nor make out very difficult problems, but are strong in believing, gifted with great capacities for trusting, blessed with deep and warm affections. All these different natures approach God from different sides. Nobody loves God with heart, and soul, and strength, and mind *alike*. And here is the blessed temple of the love of God, lying four-square, facing the four corners of the earth, with a great wide-open door on every side, so that every man who will walk straight on in the path where God has placed him may come up to it, and find access and invitation and welcome, and may enter in.

It is not easy to tell wherein the difference lies between the love of God with the heart and the love of God with the soul. Heart and soul seem to be words of very nearly the same meaning. We notice, however, when we think about it, that the soul signifies much more about a man than the heart. The heart is the seat of the emotions and affections; it is that part of our being with which we experience joy, and grief, and love. But the soul of a man is the man himself; it is the immortal, the spiritual, the divine part of us. The most blessed privileges, the profoundest realities of religion, are associated with the soul. Christ came to save our souls.

We love God, then, with the heart when we

love him somewhat as the disciples loved the Master, as St. John, whom he loved, loved him. We love him as Mary did when she cried, "Rabboni!" in the garden of the resurrection, and fell at his feet in adoration. There are blessed serene souls to whom God seems close as a personal friend. They are always conscious of his blessed presence. They trust him; they depend upon him; they go to him with all their troubles and temptations, with their blessings, sure of his attention, of his unfailing interest, of his help and sympathy. There are some of these saints in every Christian communion. They love God with all their hearts.

There are other saints who love God with all their souls. To them the central fact in human life is the fact of sin, and the supreme blessing of religion is the blessing of salvation. Christ is preëminently the Saviour. Christianity is founded upon the atonement. The gospel is the good news of pardon. The chief concern of a Christian is about his soul. The most important part of the public service of religion is that which addresses the soul. The emphasis is upon the sermon. The most serious of all questions is, What shall I do to be saved?

The soul is that part of us which lasts, which goes on through the grave and gate of death into the mysteries beyond. They who love God with all their souls, and love him as the savior of their souls, think a great deal about this future of the soul. Every man stands every day separate and alone from all his fellows, in the plain sight of God, actually and absolutely responsible to God for all that he does, and says, and is. And by and by is the judgment, when all souls shall meet the Judge, and there give solemn account of themselves to him.

Then there are still other Christians, who love God with all their minds. They are devoted seekers after truth, and count no discovery so desirable as the discovery of truth. They seek truth in all parts of the great universe of God. Some in the sky, some in the rocks, some in the living creatures with which God has peopled this planet, some in the growth, the struggle, the achievement, the manifold experience of man. All truth is a revelation of God. All Nature is God made partially visible to his children. All history is the record of the work of God in the betterment and instruction of the race. Every search after the reason of things opens a window into the infinite, and gives the seeker glimpses of God.

Some people get closer to God by getting closer to their fellow men. They do not believe that God is up above the clouds. They think that whoever wants to find God will find him quickest where he has set his image and breathed his breath, in the midst of the great family of his human children.

Many who have learned that lesson hold that working is a better part of loving God than praying, that practicing is more acceptable to God than preaching, and that a man owes his supreme duty not to his own soul, but to the helping and the comforting of the soul of his less fortunate brother. They like to remember how Christ said, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these my brethren ye have done it unto me." And so they apply their minds to the solution of the vast problems of poverty, and pain, and sin. They account that the best of all truth in this present hour and place is economic truth. They are religiously interested in sanitation, in temperance, in socialism, in all manner of reform and betterment. They love God with their minds.

It has perhaps occurred to you already that these different ways of loving God represent those different temperaments which, as I often say, have always had their place and will always have their place in every company of Christian people. One of the most difficult things in the whole world is to understand and appreciate people who differ from us, especially those who seem to differ in the whole trend and spirit of their thinking. But there are different kinds of people, and even different kinds of saints. And another Christian may be unlike us in almost every particular, and yet love God as much, and be just as good a Christian as we are. The best plan is for each one of us to be the very best Christian he knows how to be, and let his brother take his own path into the great four-square temple of the love of God. Thank God, God knows us all!

Finally, there are people who love God with all their strength. That ought to take in every one of us.

We love God with all our strength when we do our work for him, for him to see. A man who breaks stone and breaks it well, and cares even more to have that stone well broken than to have the overseer notice that it is well broken, loves God with his strength. A maid who sweeps the corners of a room, and cares more to have the darkest corner absolutely clean than she does to have her mistress see that it is clean, loves God with her strength. Anybody who works well at anything, minding most of all how the work looks to God, who sees the top of it and the bottom of it, loves God with all his strength. St. Paul gives the rule for it: "Not with eye-service as men-pleasers, but as the servants of God."

All the lovers of God love him in all four of these ways at once, with heart, and mind, and soul, and strength. The difference between people is not a difference of distinction, so that some love God with their hearts altogether and not with their souls at all. It is a difference of emphasis, just as everybody has some imagina-

tion, and some memory, and some reason; but with one the imagination is his most prominent and strongest quality; with another the reason; with another the memory. What we need to do is to cultivate that kind of love for God in which we find ourselves most lacking. If we love God most with our hearts, let us try to deepen in us the sense of sin, the realization of personal responsibility, and so love God more with our souls. If we love God most with our minds, let us try to deepen in us the feeling of reverence, the habit of worship, the attitude of adoration, and so love God more with our hearts.

—George Hodges.

OURSELVES AND OUR NEIGHBORS

CHICAGO

OUR early colonists who came over here from Europe seldom pushed any great distance inland from the Atlantic. Nobody knew how far back the wilderness might reach. Sometimes royal patrons and backers of a colonizing party had generously authorized the voyagers to occupy and use the new land as far west as it might happen to extend—a much larger gift than they imagined! But almost nobody had time to look the whole ground over. Settlers from England and Scotland, for the most part, found they had quite enough to do clearing land and establishing homes fairly near the seaboard. It was French explorers who first made acquaintance with the great central portion of our country—the region of the Great Lakes and the Mississippi Valley. They had sailed up the St. Lawrence River into what is now Canada, and then went on and on through the great water-ways, up into the fascinating unknown country. About two hundred and fifty years ago (1673) two such explorers, with Indian guides, reached the southern head of what we now call Lake Michigan. Whoever could have dreamed that alongside the low, swampy shore at the end of the lake millions and millions of white people would be living to-day!

The French considered that they owned the region then, and certainly nobody had any better right to claim it; but that particular part of the vast wilderness was too far away from the civilized world to be practically worth much. One hundred years later (1763) the French Government made over its claims of ownership to Great Britain, and the region where Chicago now stand was reckoned a part of Canada. Before the end of the eighteenth century some of the folks of our Atlantic seaboard colonies did begin to wake up to the possible value of land farther west, considering them as belonging rightly to the owners of the seaboard lands.

George Washington was one of the far-sighted men who believed there were possibilities in the West. In 1778, when Patrick Henry was Governor of Virginia, he sent troops on the long and weary journey to the head of Lake Michigan, claiming that that region was a part—a "county"—of Virginia itself! But later still Virginia gave over her rather large land-claim to the newly established Federal Government of the United States. So many times did the ownership of Chicago's present site change hands, nobody having any realization of the immense value it would sometimes represent.

For a long while the only people who lived there on the wind-swept lakeside were a few lonely traders in furs, bargaining with the native Indians. Even in 1830 barely one hundred people were settled where now stands the second largest city in all America. To-day travelers from all parts of the world go through Chicago every year. Immigrants from all parts of the world have come to live there, earning their living in trades and crafts and occupations almost beyond count. Of the city's millions of people four out of every five were born in some foreign land or are the children of foreign-born parents; and almost every language of civilized folk is spoken within the city limits.

We might go to Chicago by water, as Joliet and Père Marquette did in 1673, over the broad blue expanse of Lake Michigan. Immense quantities of freight do reach the wharves by lake vessels. But of course it is oftener a railway train that takes passengers there; a great many of the most important railways in the whole country come together there, bringing grain, cattle and hogs, wool, coal, iron,—every sort of product of the richest parts of our land—to be made into some new form in Chicago factories and mills or to be sent along to other parts of the world. From Chicago railways reach out wherever railways go at all on our continent. And from Chicago seagoing vessels may start on their long lake-and-river course to the open oceans which "take hold of hands" around the globe.

Chicago is businesslike rather than beautiful. Her factories and mills, her shops and warehouses are so many and so great one can hardly believe without seeing. Heavy clouds of factory smoke hang over a large part of her two hundred square miles of ground. The great majority of her people are too busy struggling to keep up with the hurry and pressure of daily work to take much thought for beauty, and even if they desired it, they have no money to expend for pleasant homes; yet there are green parks and gardens and spaces along the Lake front, where the shabbiest and weariest worker can now and then have a glimpse of the loveliness of an unspoiled world. Schools and churches help, as well as they know how, trying to give every man and every man's

children the key to a life beyond that of the body, yet a great many never even know that there is a key. There are chances to see beautiful pictures, to hear the finest music. One of the greatest universities in America makes it possible for men and women with good brains, even if they have not much money, to learn the best that has been learned by wise men of all time. All the fine and splendid things in life are possible somewhere in this huge city, in spite of the dreary commonplace of mile on mile on mile of its grimy streets.

The stockyards of Chicago—everybody has heard of them; visitors are taken to see them; and indeed they are a marvelous sight, whatever they lack in pleasantness. Several square miles near the heart of the city are given over to the meat-packing trade. Journeying over the railroads from points one hundred, five hundred, perhaps a thousand miles away, come cattle, sheep, and hogs to be transformed into stuff for human use—not meat alone in every conceivable form, but leather, tallow, soap, candles, glue, felt, every kind of thing that can be made from bones, chemical preparations, and last of all, fertilizers to go back to the ground where grew the grass and corn on which the beasts had fed. The way in which every particle of material is put to some use is tremendously impressive, and that thought makes one partly forget the gruesome details of the vast undertaking.

But by no means all of commercial Chicago is gory or commonplace. We should not use the word "commonplace" to describe buildings twenty, twenty-five, thirty, forty stories high—giant buildings with an inner skeleton of steel beams and girders riveted together, clothed with a skin of concrete. One can hardly credit his own eyes, in the face of them. Many an office building in Chicago is used every working day by enough people to populate a good-sized city; the vast stream of workers sweeps in every morning and out at night. We could not rightly call commonplace the gigantic grain "elevators" or warehouses, where the harvest of countless prairie farms is stored like water in reservoirs, waiting to be poured out again, floods of precious wheat, into the holds of ships bound for the other side of this round earth.

Some of the most splendidly alive people in our whole land are a part of this great city, of smoke and toil, laboring to help make it something even more worth-while than a place of vast commercial schemes and dazzling fortunes. Steadily, patiently, wisely, year after year, they are laboring to help make Chicago a place where men of every sort and kind may work out to success the big experiment of toiling together, of living together, with a fair chance for every one: a square deal, an opportunity to make the most and the best of life.

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB

Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 25 Fairmount Way, Quincy, Mass.
Tel. Granite 1140

Please remember, when you see a request for a book in the Book Club, to write a card to Mrs. Nichols, asking "Shall I send such a book to such a person?" before sending it, else the person who requests it may receive several copies. When any one writes directly to you, asking for a book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. Nichols, saying that you have sent it. When you receive more requests than you can meet, send those to the Book Club to be printed here.

SPECIAL NOTICES

It will greatly aid those who are sending books, magazines, cards, and so forth, if all our correspondents who send requests for their children will take pains to mention their names and ages. Lacking such information, one is likely to make mistakes; for a boy of twelve and a girl of seven are not usually interested in the same things.

When requesting books for the first time, correspondents should always give, as reference, the name and address of their clergyman.

When correspondents move to a new address, notice should be sent either to our headquarters, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass., or to those persons who have been sending books and magazines.

It is necessary that letters be written with ink.

Those who enjoy receiving books and magazines are asked to remember that they, in their turn, can give much pleasure if they will take pains to write to the persons who send such reading matter. In cases where no word of response goes back—not even to say that the books or magazines were received—senders may suppose the parcels were not welcome. Let us each do our share towards a friendly understanding.

REQUESTS

1. Mrs. S. A. Witt, a widow seventy-three years of age, is always glad of reading and letters. Address, Epperson, Tenn.

2. Miss Ruby Paris, Alpharetta, Ga., R. 5, writes to thank all who have sent her reading and quilt scraps. She tried to write all, but some had no address, and she was too ill to answer at the time of receipt.

3. Mrs. J. M. Blankenship, Moreland, Ark., R. 1, living on the Iron Mountain, gets very lonely and asks for a novel or interesting short stories.

4. Miss Lillian McMillian, a sixteen-year-old girl, will be thankful for a good book or magazines. Address, Lenoir, N. C.

5. Mrs. A. Hights, 260 N. Brooklyn Ave., Dayton, Ohio, asks for the *Ladies' Home Journal* or a fashion magazine. She will appreciate hearing from anyone afflicted, as she is, with deafness.

6. The Methodist Church has built a college in High Point, N. C., and the institution is practically without a library, is in the midst of a population of some 30,000 people who are destitute of reading. Prof. P. E. Lindley, of the chair of Religious Education and Psychology, was making inquiry of me, and I gave him your address. You will get a request from him shortly and I ask you to have it published soon. He will

be glad to receive any kind of useful books, even if they are worn and soiled. Perhaps you may find discarded books in libraries. Mr. Edgar Hartley, Secretary of the High Point (N. C.) Y. M. C. A., also is anxious to secure used books of any kind, and will soon send his request for publication. Grover C. Phillips, D.D., New London, N. C.

7. It has been quite a long while since I heard from any of you. I would be very glad if some one would be kind enough to send me "The Trail of The Lonesome Pine" (Mrs.) Mary A. McGehee, Vulcan, Va.

8. I wrote you a few months ago in regard to a boy, Jesse Baker, who is so very anxious for some reading, and he really has not the means to buy any. His papa is a minister, but there is a large family of children to provide for. He would like some religious reading. His father's name is Rev. J. T. Baker, and their address is Radford, Va. He can give reference, Rev. D. Wiley, Waugh, W. Va. I do hope some friend will write him and try to send him some reading. A deserving boy, indeed. Mrs. J. T. Wilmer.

9. I wish to thank the *Cheerful Letter* friends for the things they have sent me in the past, and I hope they will remember me in the coming year. I would appreciate any good literature (especially *Good Housekeeping*) and quilt scraps. Mrs. Joe Dodd, Sandidges, Va., R. 2.

10. I wish to thank the *Cheerful Letter* friends for all past kindness. I am the oldest of six children. Would like to receive silk or cotton pieces, bits of lace and ribbon, also crocheting thread if not asking too much. I would like to get letters from girls my age; I am fifteen. Rosa Jones, Bassett, Va., R. 3.

11. I am coming to you again asking to receive reading matter and cards for myself and little ones. I wrote some time ago, but have n't heard from any of the ladies. I hope this little note will be printed. I have five children to care for: Wiley, age 10; Ruby, age 8, Robert, age 6; Blanche, 4; and Carl, 7 months. Mrs. Baxter Neaves, Crumpler, N. C., R. 2, Box 103. My minister's name is Rev. Tom Farmer, Lansing, N. C.

12. I beg to thank all those who have sent me books, magazines, and quilt scraps. I sure have enjoyed the reading and have passed a number of things on to other readers. My little crippled girl has passed away many hours playing with the toys the good ladies sent her. I hope they will not forget her. I live in the country and have three boys, aged 12, 10, and 6. The little crippled girl is 4 years old. (Mrs.) Flora Foley, Stuart, Va., R. 5.

13. I desire to thank the friends very much for all the kindness that they have shown me the past year. I have received many nice books and magazines which I appreciate and I have tried to answer almost every one but there were some that did not give any name. I would be glad to have "In His Steps," by Sheldon, and "Ancient History" by Hollis. I have a friend, Mrs. J. F. Craig, who would be glad to have some magazines, and her husband, who is a minister, would like some good books and poems. Their address is Durham, N. C., (Miss) Mary E. Foster, in care of Chatham Furniture Co., Boomer, N. C.

14. Can you enter Mrs. Clara Lutton's name in the *Cheerful-Letter*? She has been in poor health recently. She has a little girl, 3 years old, who would like picture books and her mother would like any books or magazines, and especially quilt blocks as they lost everything they had. She is now living thirty miles from town with no minister near. As to my standing, I can give you the address of my old minister before we moved up here: it is Rev. Pearson, Chickashe, Oklahoma. Mrs Lutton is a friend of mine. We are renters with five children, one boy 10 years old, three girls, aged 9, 6, and 3, and a little boy 17 months old. I would greatly enjoy books, magazines or any good reading matter for children, and I will certainly pass them on to anyone in need of reading matter. (Mrs.) Margaret Hauschild, Aetna, Kan.

15. I live twenty miles from any railroad or town. A lady friend told me of you. My husband is gone a lot of the time to work, and I get awful lonesome; would like to have some reading matter, bits of ribbon, quilt scraps, or any thing to employ my time. And I would like to correspond with someone. We are trying to pay for a home out here. We will have a good one when we get it paid for. I am twenty-two years and have been married six years. (Mrs.) Bee McCutcheon, Copeland, Ark.

16. My aunt, Mr. Walter May's wife, gave me your address and said for me to write you. I would like very much to receive books and scraps and something for my children to play with, as I live off in the mountains away from the main road and a long way from school. I have four children, one girl, Irene, age 8 years; three boys, Carol, 6; Lane, 4; and Junior, almost 2 years old. We are renters on a small farm. (Mrs.) Lee M. Kilby, Rugby, Va., R. 1, Box 69.

17. I am a young mother 26 years old. I have four children—Jack aged 7, Junel 5, Lucille 3, Alton 1. We are moving to a lonesome place, three miles to the post office, two miles to the public road. We can't see a house at all: it sure is lonesome. I can't express my feeling of thanks to the good ladies. My address has been Era, Texas. Now it is Slidell, Texas, Wise County. (Mrs.) Sallie Luster.

18. Miss Mitford Quisenberry, Marion, Va., writes to thank the Exchange most heartily for all reading she has received, and to say she expects to be away from home for four months.

19. Mrs. J. S. Dunovant, Spencer, Va., the mother of five small children, will appreciate anything suitable for them: Josephine, aged 13; Eva, 11; Beatrice, 8; Claude, 5; Hazel, 2. (Rev. H. B. Worley, Reidsville, N. C., reference.)

20. Mrs. Lake C. Rice, Ashley, (via Winnett), Montana, is anxious to get the *Geographic* magazine for Feb., 1919, containing the "North Sea Miner," and Feb., 1920, containing the "Removal of the North Sea Mine Barrage."

21. Mrs. M. J. Lovin, Rockingham, N. C., R. 3, Box 35, will appreciate reading for herself and husband.

22. *The Pictorial Review* or *Ladies' Home Journal* will be appreciated by Flossie Wood, Endicott, Va.

23. Mrs. H. B. Worley, Reidsville, N. C., would be very glad of good magazines, which she will pass along.

24. Mrs. Ambrose Coffey, Alto, Va., asks for little story-books for her two children, Nellie, 12, and Kyle, 4 years old.

25. Mrs. John Hall, Ferrum, Va., R. 1, Box 64, trying to eke out a living by making baby-caps, asks for bits of lace and ribbon.

26. Mrs. Alberta Davis and her daughter Bessie, Polkton, N. C., R. 2, Box 45, ask for a shower of cards on their birthdays, Feb. 9. and Feb. 20.

27. I would be so glad if someone would send us some good reading and scraps for patchwork to pass away the winter evenings. I have not heard from any friend for so long. I hope to hear from someone soon. (Mrs.) J. W. Simpson, R. 5, Farmville, Va.

28. My dear *Cheerful Letter* friends, I take great pleasure this lovely Sabbath day to write and thank you for the books received. I enjoy reading them so much. It has been a long time since I have written. I was down a long time with rheumatism and can't use my arm very well since, but my heart is with you and your good work. If all who receive reading enjoy it as I do, I know they are thankful and more so than they are able to say. I would be glad if someone would send me *Pilgrim's Progress*, as the winter is on us now. I greatly desire to be remembered in the way of reading by the many friends who have cheered us in days gone by. Mrs. E. F. Lowe, Rector, Ark.

29. We have just finished moving to a new home and I am very homesick, although I think we can make more here. We came here to take care of my aged parents. I hope the *Cheerful Letter* friends will still remember me, as I have a lot of work already, and it will mean still more to care for my parents. Will you be so kind as to print my new address? (Mrs.) W. R. May, Sturgills, N. C.

30. Mrs. Mary J. Bond, Route 3, Decatur, Texas, wishes to thank those who sent her reading. She and her family are now more than ever in need of cheer, as George, the 17 year-old son, has been badly hurt in a car wreck.

Change of Address

Mrs. W. R. Hudson, Madison Heights, Va.
(from Pleasant View.)

Mrs. Lillie G. Morgan, R. 3, Decatur, Tenn.
(from Athens, R. 7).

Miss A. Augusta Peatross, Madison, N. C.
R. 3. Care C. B. Peatross. (from Spencer, Va.)
(Mrs.) W. R. May, Sturgills, N. C.

Important Notice

It is impossible for the Book Club Secretary to take any notice of letters written in pencil or unsigned.

THE OLD MAN AND HIS WIFE

THERE WAS AN old man lived in a wood
As you may plainly see;
He said he could do as much work in a day
As his wife could do in three.
"With all my heart," the old woman said,
"If that you will allow,
Tomorrow you'll stay at home in my stead,
And I'll go out to plough.

"But you must milk the brindled cow,
For fear lest she go dry;
And you must feed the little pigs
That are within the sty;
And you must watch the speckled hen
For fear she go astray,
And not forget the spool of yarn
That I spin every day."

The old woman took a staff in her hand
And went to follow the plough;
The old man took the pail in his hand,
And started to milk the cow.
But Tidy she winced, and Tidy she flinched,
And Tidy she tossed her nose,
And Tidy gave him such a kick on the shin
That the blood ran down to his toes.

And 'twas "Ho, Tidy!" and "Lo, Tidy!"
And "Pretty little cow, stand still!"
And "If ever I milk you again," said he,
"It will be against my will."
He went to feed the little pigs
That were within the sty,
And he hit his head against a beam
And made the blood to fly.

He watched with care the speckled hen
For fear she'd go astray,
But he quite forgot the spool of yarn
That his wife spun every day.
And when the old woman came home that night,
He said he did agree
That his wife could do more work in a day
Than he could do in three.

—Old English Ballad.

MRS. BROWNING is credited with the remark that we should be very careful what we wish for, because we might get it. Oscar Wilde elaborated on this when he said: "In this world there are two tragedies; one is not getting what you want, and the other is getting it."

MY OWN HILLS

Why is it that my own hills seem lovelier to me?
 Why is it that my own trees stand statelier in
 the sun?
 I, who have climbed the heights in distant Italy,
 Come back again to my own hills—and bless
 them, every one!

They are not tall—my own hills; they do not
 kiss the sky.

Yet a softer green is over them, and gold is on
 their head;

And I would rather call their names when eve-
 ning passes by

Than all the names of proud hills in countries
 old and dead.

My own hills—my simple hills! How glad I am
 of you!

The swallow—not the eagle—flies above your
 quiet green;

And I return to look upon the velvet and the
 blue,

And on my heart a peace is laid for the old
 sweet scene.

Mountains rise in majesty on many a Western
 plain;

Glory floods the world afar when morning
 spills its wine,

But my soul is yours, my own hills, veiled in
 sudden rain,

And I am true forever to the hills that I call
 mine.

—Charles Hanson Towne.

THINGS MONEY WON'T BUY

THE greatest things in life are not purchasable
 with money. Money can buy the luxurious
 bath in a marble mansion, but it cannot buy the
 joy of the swimming hole down in the old creek,
 where boyhood democracy is at its best. Money
 can buy the costly electric toy, but that toy
 cannot yield the thrill that comes to the boy
 who makes his first kite with his own hands and
 sees it sailing aloft at the end of a string held in
 his own fingers. Money can buy the choice box
 seats at the opera, but no amount of money can
 buy the thrill felt by the small boy who earns
 his way into the circus by carrying water to the
 elephants.

Paris, and Rome and Venice can never hold
 for the poor little rich boys the joys and the
 thrills that come to the rich little poor boys who
 roam the woods, gathering nuts, listening to the
 songs of the wild birds, testing new-found herbs
 and roots, chasing rabbits, trying to understand
 the chatter of the squirrels and giving ear to
 the rustle of the crisp autumn leaves under foot.

Money can buy the choicest viands in Gotham's
 cafes, but these viands never taste to the poor
 little rich boys as do the roasted eggs and pota-
 toes and ash-covered bacon tastes to the rich
 little poor boys who wander through the fields
 and the woods, fish the little streams and feel
 the soothing mud squashing up between their
 wriggling toes.—*The Omaha Bee.*

HOW THIS PAPER WAS MADE

A RECENT bulletin of the National Geographic
 Society, tells how paper is manufactured for the
 use of the big (and little) publishers. The fig-
 ures refer to the huge and bulky sheets of great
 city newspapers, but the stock used for our own
 modest twelve pages had the same origin.

"Every person who buys a twenty-four page
 newspaper for two cents cuts out of the forests
 of the United States or Canada a block of wood
 two inches high, three inches wide and four
 inches long. With the help of a paper mill a
 cord of wood informs 3600 people of the day's
 news.

"To convert that cord and millions more into
 newsprint man has created a huge mechanical
 silkworm which munches its way through piles
 of spruce and balsam logs instead of mulberry
 leaves, digests with chemicals instead of its own
 secretions, stores its product in concrete tanks
 instead of thin-walled sacks, and spins its white
 thread, which is twelve and a half feet wide,
 with a copper tongue instead of a delicate mem-
 brane. One plant produces in a single day
 sufficient paper to supply one twenty-four-page
 paper apiece to about 1,800,000 subscribers. A
 single day's output of this mill, unrolled on the
 countryside, would cover a 1400-acre ranch.

"Rivers are the maidservants of the mechan-
 ical caterpillars that spin paper. They serve in
 three ways; as power and transportation and
 they supply water for pulp. Some modern mills
 use electricity exclusively. On the St. Maurice
 river's broad back are carried annually logs
 enough to make a raft four feet wide, four feet
 high and nearly two hundred miles long, or
 nearly two-thirds of the river's length, all to
 supply one mill's maw.

"Colossal machinery, capable of grasping the
 river's might, looms within the modern news-
 print mill. From great piles of pulp wood,
 clear of bark and cut to four-foot lengths, auto-
 matic conveyors carry the pulpwood to the
 grinding room. The principle of this room's
 task is simple—it is that of a pencil pushed with
 its long side against a whirling grindstone. But
 the grindstone of a paper mill looks like the
 wheel of a terrible juggernaut; it is solid sand-
 stone five feet in diameter and nearly as broad

on the face. Such stones generally are hitched in pairs on an axle whose cross section is as big as a large pie plate. Batteries of huge, whirling electric motors drive the great stones. Each stone reduces to pulp seventeen cords of wood a day. A full-flowing creek plays over every grinder constantly to carry away and cool the pulp.

"Newsprint cannot be made from ground wood alone, for this wood has no long fibers to hold like muscles when the metropolitan presses tear at the web. To three-fourths ground wood pulp must be added one-fourth sulphite. Part of the cord-wood sticks received from storage yards go to a machine which chips them into inch-long pieces.

"These chips are packed into tanks fifty feet high. In another section of the mill sulphur from Louisiana, converted into sulphur dioxide gas, is filtered through a tank of limestone rock to get a solution of sulphur and lime. This also goes to the digester holding the chips. Under pressure of steam the wood cooks for eight hours. When the tank's contents are discharged into the blow pit beneath, the binding material of the wood has been dissolved and the long, natural fibers left. After thorough washing and screening it is fit to join the ground pulp and serve as muscles and tendons in the paper.

"Man has many ways of taking solids from liquids, such as freezing, evaporating, filtering and applying centrifugal action, but the transformation of a broth 99 per cent water to air-dry newsprint in forty-five seconds is unique. Proper amounts of ground pulp and sulphite are slushed into a mixing box together with alum and blue color. The 'liquid paper' feeder is located at one end of a huge mass of machinery 250 feet long. Leaving the feeder tank in a cascade twelve and a half feet wide and half an inch deep, it falls on a belt of copper screening. As the screen moves swiftly along water falls through or is pulled through by vacuum chambers. Under one's eyes a stream of broth, running three times as fast as a man can walk, changes to a wet sheet of pulp. This sheet swings across a gap, leaving the wire to land on a wool blanket which, followed by cotton blankets, will carry it two hundred feet to the other end of the room.

"On the way, the blankets carry it between huge rolls that press out more water and wind it about forty-four super-heated drums as big around as hogsheads, which rob the paper of still more water. After running it nearly five hundred feet, in and about, all in forty-five seconds, the gargantuan machine delivers the twelve and a half foot sheet air dry to the calendars. This set of polished steel rolls puts on a finish."—*Boston Transcript*.

THE COUNTRY DOCTOR

PERHAPS few men are harder worked and less rewarded for their services than the country doctor. Even in these days when the automobile affords rapid and fairly easy transportation, the duties of a doctor in a country town are not of a kind that appeal to the average man. And when the financial side of the matter is considered the chances are that few country doctors retire or die the possessors of large fortunes. Engaged in a humanitarian work, and usually placing that feature above the hope of gain, they are apt to give freely of their time and skill and to temper their charges to suit the convenience of their patients. And it is a fact well known that thousands of persons who are fairly prompt when it comes to paying the butcher, the grocer and other creditors will delay month after month when it comes to settling the doctor's bill.

In Stanford, Ky., there is a doctor, J. F. Peyton, who has been for sixty-five years an active physician in that community. He was a surgeon in the Union Army during the Civil War and at its close he settled in Stanford and there remained. His bills were never large, he was not noted for pressing a claim, and as the years passed his accounts showed more and more money owed to him. He responded to every call and visited the rich and the poor alike.

A few days ago, already feeling, apparently, the workings of the Christmas spirit, he decided to have a bonfire. It was no small blaze that he kindled, for in it he threw some \$80,000 of unpaid accounts and announced that his books were clean, and that no more bills on those claims would be sent out. And, as if that were not enough, he informed his fellow townsmen that for the rest of his active life, and he is said to be in splendid health in spite of his age, he will devote the majority of his time to charity practice.—*Hartford (Conn.) Courant*.

AN English lady who was going to Egypt had to be inoculated against typhoid. She was unable to keep a dinner appointment she had made for the next day, and she sent her eight-year-old daughter to make her excuses. "And what did you say?" she asked the child on her return.

"Exactly what you told me," was the reply. "I said, Mummy can't come 'cause she was intoxicated yesterday and had a bad headache."

HUB—I met Hawkins on the street today and the poor chap was very gloomy—told me he was perfectly willing to die.

WIFE—Oh, Tom, why didn't you ask him here to dinner?

A GAME OF RHYMES

THIS is a kind of fun in which all the family may join. It always proves entertaining. The nicest plan is—if possible—to divide the company into two groups with the same number of people in each group; yet it be played almost as effectively if one person (for instance, mother, who is busy sewing and does not feel she can lay aside her work), chooses the rhyming words and lets the children experiment till they find the right one.

But say, for example, there are half a dozen players, three on each side. Those on one side go out of the room for a moment, and the others together decide on some short word which the absent ones are to think of and act. Perhaps the word chosen is *buy*. The absent ones are called back into the room and told—not the chosen word but merely the fact that it rhymes with some other word; say, "It rhymes with *my*."

Now the players do not guess at the real word, asking "Is it *cry*?" or "Is it *dry*?" Instead, they talk it over among themselves (outside the room), then return and each do something to represent clearly some word rhyming with *my*, but not saying what word they mean to represent. It is the business of the ones who gave out the rhyme to recognize as promptly as possible each acted word, and say whether it is or is not the correct one.

Carl, we will imagine, comes in flapping his arms like a bird in the air.

"No, it is not *fly*," they tell him.

Helen pretends to sob and to wipe tearful eyes.

"No, it is not *cry*."

Alice makes believe to be very tired and sleepy, and goes to rest on the floor.

"No, it is not *lie*."

Billy and Jim come in together, Billy with a big stick of wood or a water bucket. He turns to Jim and says "Now you take your turn." Jim objects: "It's too heavy—I don't believe I could lift it." "Yes you can," encourages Billy. "Just take hold now—it isn't so very heavy—you'll find it's easy. Just make a little effort now."

"No," the others shout, "It is not *try*."

Helen and Alice come in together, Alice pretending to be afraid of the others; she hangs her head, puts her finger in her mouth, and tries to hide behind Helen, who says "Oh, come on, child—what makes you behave so? The strangers won't hurt you."

"No, it is not *shy*."

Then one of the boys puts half a dozen things on a chair or small table and stands behind it, as a shopkeeper stands behind a counter. Alice says "I would like two pounds of white sugar, please; how much is it?"

"Yes—it is *buy*."

After a word has been successfully guessed and acted, those who selected the first word taking their turn at the acting; and so on.

Of course great pains must be taken to give a correct and exact idea of the sound that is wanted. If, for example, the word *eat* is chosen, the actors should be told that it rhymes with, say *beat* or *feet* or *seat*, not with *bit* or *fit* or *sit*.

There is almost endless material for clever acting in short common words familiar to everybody. Each one of the following list rhymes with a host of its own sound, all readily turned into amusing action:

Stay: lay, pay, gay, nay, gray, may, hay, fray.

Mate: late, gate, date, great, bait, wait, hate, freight.

Hoe: slow, go, throw, dough, foe, know, sew, low.

See: flee, bee, tree, tea, glee, free, plea, knee.

High: dry, fry, why, pry, die, wry, sigh.

Sight: fright, bite, mite, tight, height, write, fight.

Mine: sign, line, twine, brine, fine, pine, vine.

Break: take, make, lake, cake, steak, rake.

Pour: core, four, door, more, store, bore.

In most cases the action can be made perfectly plain without any talking at all, but occasionally a bit of dialogue, made-up on the spot (as with *try* and *shy*) helps make the meaning more quickly seen by the onlookers.

Occasionally there are two or three words that have the same sound but entirely different meanings, for instance, *bear* (to carry), *bare* (uncovered), and *bear* (the animal). If such a word is chosen for others to act, it should be decided definitely which one of the three is wanted, so that the actors may be informed promptly, "No, it is not —," whatever they have acted, or, "Yes, it is —," if they happen on the exact meaning that was called for.

If an acting group tries for a long time, without hitting on the right word, they may give it up. Then the group that gave out the word must act it, themselves—not simply telling what the word was, but showing it by some pose or movement, or maybe a bit of dialogue.—*Harriet M. Barney*.

"Your advertisement said that at this hotel there is a beautiful view for miles and miles."

"So there is. Just put your head out of that window and look up."—*Yale Record*.

On the way to Easy street there are many detours.

Easy street and the straight and narrow path don't intersect.—*Asheville Times*.

The approach to Easy street is easily recognized by the discarded illusions along the way.—*San Francisco Chronicle*.

SUPPOSE

SUPPOSE, my little lady,
 Your doll should break her head;
 Could you make it whole by crying
 Till your eyes and nose were red?
 And would n't it be pleasanter
 To treat it as a joke,
 And say you're glad t'was Dolly's,
 And not your head that broke?

Suppose you're dressed for walking,
 And the rain comes pouring down;
 Will it clear off any sooner
 Because you scold and frown?
 And would n't it be nicer
 For you to smile than pout,
 And so make sunshine in the house,
 When there is none without?

Suppose your task, my little man,
 Is very hard to get;
 Will it make it any easier
 For you to sit and fret?
 And would n't it be wiser
 Than waiting like a dunce,
 To go to work in earnest,
 And learn the thing at once?

Suppose the world don't please you,
 Nor the way some people do;
 Do you think the whole creation
 Will be altered just for you?
 And is n't it, my boy or girl,
 The wisest, bravest plan,
 Whatever comes or does n't come,
 To do the best you can?

—Phoebe Cary.

SOME WONDERFUL DOGS

At the old Canadian city of Quebec, this month, there are to be winter sports, according to custom, and one feature that will attract a great deal of interest is the driving of sledges drawn by dogs, after the manner of Eskimo in the northern Arctic wilds. One of the dog teams belongs to a New Hampshire owner. The dogs are of mixed blood—partly from the Eskimo breed of far-off Alaska (the master of the dogs brought those himself from the Klondike) and partly from the breed known as German police dogs. Mr. Walden, so the news reports say, is "the best-known and ablest American driver in the East, if not in the country. Walden is thoroughly familiar with the Alaskan gang hitch, knows the methods of Manitoba, can get the most out of dogs without using a whip, and will enter at Quebec the

first team of crossed Eskimo and German police dog blood that ever was harnessed. His experiment with two breeds of dogs of great intelligence and strong constitution will be watched by dog men everywhere."

A MESSAGE THAT COUNTS

EVERYBODY has heard of Helen Keller, the gifted American woman who, though totally blind and totally deaf, has learned to understand the life around her, to read and write and speak, and to share with the rest of us the beautiful thoughts that come to her through the silence of her inner world.

A few weeks ago Miss Keller heard of an accident that happened to a thirteen-year-old girl,—an accident that meant becoming a cripple for life,—and she sent this message out of her own much harder experience:

"I am very, very sorry. My heart is full of sympathy and love for the brave little girl who is bearing everything with such sweetness and courage.

"All my life I have had unusual obstacles to overcome, and in spite of them I have found life beautiful. I have been able to do something for myself and others. You, too, will learn to find beauty and happiness in the world. Grief and pain are but the soil from which springs the lovely plant, unselfishness. Be gentle and learn how to suffer.

"When one suffers patiently one suffers less. I am very much older than you, and many of the secrets of life which you will only learn little by little have been revealed to me. Believe me, dear, the future is shaped out of the past. Whatever you can do to live bravely without impatience, and without complaining, will help you to live some future day in joyful contentment.

"When trouble first comes we do not know what to do with it. We are bewildered; but after a little while we learn our new part—the thing we can do best—and we take up the task God puts in our hands with a smile in our hearts.

"I am sending you the story of my life because I hope it may encourage you. You will see that even deafness and blindness are obstacles that can be overcome."—*The Christian Century*.

"EVER have any trouble with dyspepsia?"
 "Only when I try to spell it."

"MONEY ain't good foh some people," remarked Uncle Ezra. "De mo' dey is worth de mo' worthless dey gits."

THE SONG OF THE CORK

"A LITTLE cork fell in the path of a whale,
Who lashed it down with an angry tail;
But it quickly rose
And floated serenely in front of his nose.
Said the cork: 'You may splash and splutter and
frown,

But you never, never can keep me down,
For I'm made of the stuff
That is buoyant enough
To float instead of to drown!"

—*New York Telegraph.*

"HELLO! May I come round and see you this evening, Mabel, darling?"

"Of course, Harry, darling."

"Er—excuse me—this isn't Harry speaking."

"Well, this isn't Mabel."

HE (over the phone): What time are you expecting me?

SHE (icily): I'm not expecting you at all.

HE: Then I'll surprise you.—*University of Nebraska Agawam.*

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE

ITS PURPOSE

To cheer and comfort those who are ill, lonely, or discouraged, through the exchange of letters and by gifts of books and magazines.

To help those who live far from schools, or who wish to continue their studies by means of correspondence with a teacher.

To give to those living far from church some of the helps which churches give. One good sermon or similar article is printed in each number. These sermons are never doctrinal, but present only such simple religious truths and principles as are agreed on by all churches.

WHERE TO WRITE

1. *Letters paying for subscriptions to the paper*, fifty cents a year, should be sent to the Cheerful Letter Exchange, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. Checks or postal orders should be made payable to the Cheerful Letter Exchange.

2. *Letters asking for correspondents, for books, magazines, cards, etc.*, also *letters offering to give books, magazines, etc.*, should be sent to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 25 Fairmount Way, Quincy, Mass.

See special suggestions under the heading of the "Book and Magazine Club" in this number.

3. *Letters asking for help in studying at home* should be sent to Mrs. George O. Sands, Brimble Ave., North Beverly, Mass.

The Home Study Committee has on hand a variety of schoolbooks which may be used by students either at home or in the schoolroom. The aim of the teachers is to help in any study where help is needed. Often this may fit a person for a higher grade of work.

4. *Letters asking for music and letters offering music* should be sent to Mrs. Thomas Lacey, 4 East 88th St., New York City, or to All Souls Church, Fourth Ave. and 20th St., New York City.

5. *Letters about the establishment of Circulating Libraries* should be sent to Mrs. H. A. Stevens, 26 John St., Brookline, Mass.

A Circulating Library will be started in any small community needing one, if proper location and care can be furnished and satisfactory references can be given. One hundred and forty-nine libraries are now on our lists.

6. The Secretary of the Cheerful Letter Exchange, Miss Ethel L. Hersey, Hingham, Mass., should receive the more general correspondence from workers on the local committees, or from others interested in the organization and its methods.

Notice to those who give:—

Only books of an instructive or wholesomely amusing character should be offered. Classic educational works, and standard novels and magazines are always acceptable.

There is a large call for scraps of calico, gingham, and percale for patchwork.

To those who receive:—

It is a rule of the Cheerful Letter Exchange that no one ask for money or for clothing in the columns of this paper. The name of any person who fails to obey this rule will be dropped from our list. Any worker receiving such a request should send the letter at once to headquarters.